(1)

Aug 29, 1978- For ~~several~~ months (1)
past now I have experienced from time to time a desire for death. I have been feeling ever since, say, last fall that I have nothing left to hope for in life. My home country (as I now consider it) in Montana is being ruined gradually, and, while I might still be able to find wilder places, there is nowhere I could feel safe from civilization. There's no place airplanes don't fly. Worse than that, even if I lived in the very wildest spot in North America, it would gall me to know that my very life depends on the decisions made by the cocksuckers in Washington, Moscow, and Peking. For instance, in case of atomic war, there's no place I could be sure of avoiding radiation. Where would I be safe from radiation in the event that "peaceful" atomic energy were misused? I read in one place that Caribou in the far north have 12 times as much strontium 90 in them as domestic animals, because they eat fallout-contaminated lichens. At another time I heard of possible excessive levels of mercury in ~~seal meat~~ seal meat.

It is not any possible danger to my life, in these things, that by itself upsets me. Very likely I run a greater risk of dying from some ~~tick carried~~ natural tick-carried desease when I camp out alone in my Montana hills. That is nature and there would even be a certain dignity in dying that way. But to die from radiation or some other form of civilized pollution would be a humiliation. It would gall me to be the helpless victim of the cocksuckers who are [illegible]

C- [redacted] E
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WORK COPY

read ✓
names noted ✓

MR

technology crap. For its not (2)
a question of preserving my life and
health; getting out of the power of
civilization has long since become
an end in itself for me.

By now I have practically
lost all hope of ever attaining this
end. Thus, my happiness in my
Montana hills is spoiled every time
an airplane passes over or any-
thing else happens that reminds
me of the inescapability of
civilization. Life under the thumb
of modern civilization seems
worthless to me, and thus I more
and more felt that life
was coming to a dead end for me,
and death began at times to
look attractive — it would mean
peace.

There was just one thing that
really made me determined to
cling to life for awhile, and
that was the desire for revenge.
I wanted to kill some people,
preferably including at least one
scientist, businessman, or other
bigshot.

This actually was my biggest reason
for coming back to Illinois this spring.
In Montana, if I went to the city to
mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick
Sandberg would doubtless remember I
rode his bus that day. In the anonymity
of the big city I figured it would be
much safer to buy materials for a bomb
and mail it. (Though the death-wish
had appeared, it was still far from
dominant, and therefore I preferred not
to be suspected of crimes)

As mentioned in some of my notes,
I did make an attempt with a bomb —
whether successful or not I don't know.
In making a second bomb I have (3)
only barely made a start; because
during the last few weeks I was too
busy thinking about Ellen Tarmichael
to make much effort in other directions.
Anyhow, before I got involved with Ellen
my only definite intention was to
support myself for awhile — very likely
till next spring — by working at Foam-
Cutting Engineers; using my spare time
to build a bomb or 2 or 3 or invent
other means of killing or maiming
big-shots. Following that I had a
vague intention of taking to the woods
— either in Montana or in some wilder
place — and, from ambush, murdering
snowmobilists, motorcyclists, outboard
motor users, or the like; in the end
shooting it out with the authorities and
not permitting myself to be taken
alive.

I didn't feel as badly about this
miserable prospect as you might
think; I merely took it with a kind
of dull, stoical determination
— a kind of tough, stoical hopeless-
ness.

But this affair with Ellen has
done strange things to me. In the
first place, it aroused in me
hope — a hope for something worth-
while. Perhaps foolishly, I did hope
that I might win, if not her love,
love, then at least a reasonable
amount of affection — physical
sex too, of course, but it would
have been more important to me
to have her care for me than to
have physical sex with her. I could
get by with just holding her hand, if
necessary, if I thought she really
cared for me. Of course, kissing
her was immensely pleasurable, an

the thought of having intercourse with her was probably the most intense sexual fantasy I ever had.

Anyhow, Ellen provided me with something to hope for that I felt was really worthwhile; because, in spite of all her faults, I felt (and still feel) that there is ~~—~~ something worthwhile in Ellen, ~~[illegible]~~ that most women don't have. (Making an effort to be objective, I confess that my infatuation with that woman probably makes me greatly exaggerate whatever it is [if anything] that she has.)

So hope, which was nearly dead in me, was revived by Ellen. I didn't realize how much she meant to me until all my chances with her came to an end. I thought that, once I had no more hope of her, my mind would quickly slip back into the state it was in before I met her. So far that hasn't happened.

For one thing, after I got over my anger at Ellen, all anger and hatred seemed to fall away from me. I no longer hate anybody at all. I'd still kill a big shot if I had a convenient opportunity, but it would be as a matter of principle, not a gratification of anger or hatred. Thus, the one thing I'd had to look forward to before I met Ellen, ~~—~~ namely, revenge, is gone. Moreover, my dull, stoical stubbornness seems to have been broken by my ardent feelings toward that woman.

Ever since the end of that business with Ellen I have been filled with a terrible sense of desolation. NOT depression in the usual sense: I have no inclination to sleep too much; my greatest solace

(4)

doing a little more than usual); (5)
and I often have an ~~a~~ urge to go
out walking, even though I don't
exactly feel restless. When I'm de-
pressed I rarely have any urge to cry;
but now I've been crying very often
when I'm by myself and often have
to fight to keep the tears back when
other people are ~~th~~ present. This
is an active, poignant unhappiness.

It's not only due to my
disappointment over Ellen, but to a
lack of any good prospects before
me. But of course this whole
reaction was set off by the ~~b~~
business with Ellen.

The last day or so I have definitely
desired death. But I want to go
back and die in my home hills in
Montana — the only place where I've
experienced any real, lasting
happiness, ~~often~~ except in early
childhood. I'd like to kill a few
people before I die, as a matter of
principle. (At present I feel no
hatred.)

Aug. 30. Still feel desolate, but
not so badly as last few days. I
keep thinking of Ellen in daytime
and dreaming of her at night. Still
feel she offers something that I value
enough so that I'd willingly put up
with all her faults if I could have
her. Even though it all seems senseless.
~~Felt Feel~~ feel very nostalgic about
Foam-Cutting Engineers; I guess
mostly because of Ellen.

Sept. 1. Yesterday I felt extremely bad
again. But when I got home from work
in the evening I was very much cheered
up because ~~my~~ my father brought home
from Foam-Cutting Eng. a present of

this meant she had any interest in renewing relations with me; but still it put some hope into me, however distant and ill-founded. As a result, I felt fairly cheerful for about 24 hours. I sent Ellen a message through my father: that the cookies were delicious, that I apologize for the tone of my letter, and that I no longer have any hard feelings toward her. Today he said he'd given her the message. He said she seemed pleased and that she said: "I think the problem was that Ted and I ~~don't~~ speak different languages." But this seemed to confirm her lack of interest in ~~having~~ having any type of relationship with me; and consequently I again feel as bad as ever.

In a way this desolate feeling seems incongruous since my health is good — better than before. My colitis (gut problem) has pretty well disappeared, very likely because I've now been regularly getting enough vegetables in my diet, for an extended period. Also, my ragweed hayfever seems to have miraculously disappeared. I never had it in Montana (no ragweed there, I guess) but back in the midwest I had it fairly badly every year. But this time, with the hayfever season well over, I've had only faint traces of the malady, so far. But what good is health when I have nothing left to hope for?

(SEPT 1, 1978)

It has occurred to me to earnestly search for some other woman to replace Ellen — but I feel too discouraged at the very outset. For one thing, women who have a spark of something to make me think ~~them~~ them worth while are not common. For another, if I found one, would she have any use for me? There is no one, it seems, with whom I have more than a very limited amount in common. Even the comparatively independent thinker Jacques Ellul believes in Art, Philosophy, and all that crap. I believe in nothing:

hedonistic degenerates, everyone believes in some stereotyped ideology. Whereas I don't even believe in the cult of nature-worshipers or wilderness-worshipers. (I am perfectly ready to litter in parts of the woods that are of no use to me — I often throw cans in logged-over areas or ~~at~~ in places much frequented by people; I don't find wilderness particularly healthy physically; I don't hesitate to poach.) The trivial pleasures of hedonism bore me. I'm glad I don't believe in anything but it puts me beyond the pale, so to speak. I could love a woman with whom I had only one or 2 points in common, but she probably wouldn't want me. Even a bigger obstacle is my social awkwardness and ignorance. For instance, Ellen told me that asking a girl to a ~~fine~~ fancy restaurant is something you don't do for a second date — it comes later. I hadn't ever realized that the unwritten code of dating was that complicated. There, the task of finding a woman good enough to make me forget Ellen seems so difficult and chances of success so poor that I have little inclination to try it.

Sept. 2. Felt more desolate than ever today (Saturday). Did much crying in my room and was continually fighting back tears when not alone. Yet I walked around a good deal. Strolled over to the park to look out over the pond, as I so often did when love-sick over Ellen. Ran 5 miles in good time this morning, but what good does that do me? I thought I was too old to get so badly infatuated, but I am far more miserably love-sick over Ellen than I've ever been before over any female; even Carol Wolma never affected me like that when I was 17. I won't try to decide how much this is due to Ellen's qualities and

(6)

sumarion when I first met her. If ~~Ellen~~ Ellen would accept me, I would gladly devote the rest of my life to her.

Sept. 4. Yesterday morning I found that my sense of grief and desolation had disappeared, unexpectedly. Since then I have felt alright. But I still think about Ellen frequently, and would be hot after her again if I thought I had a chance. I guess I'm still in love with her. But not miserable over it at present. This morning I timed myself on a 5 mile run and was amazed to find I did it in about 30 min. and 15 sec, as close as it is possible to time it with that watch.

Sept. 16. By now I have entirely gotten over that affair with that damned Catholic bitch, Ellen.

"In ethics he [Antisthenes] was driven to individualism, to the denial of social and national relations, to the exclusion of scientific study and of almost all that the Greeks understood by education. This individualism he and his followers carried to its logical conclusion. The ordinary pleasures of life were for them not merely negligible but positively harmful inasmuch as they interrupted the operation of the will. Wealth, popularity and power tend to dethrone the authority of reason and to pervert the soul from the natural to the artificial. Man exists for and in himself alone; his highest end is self-knowledge and self-realization in conformity with the dictates of his reason, apart altogether from the State and society. For this end, disrepute and poverty are advantageous, insofar as they drive ~~man~~ the man upon himself, increasing his self-control and purifying his intellect from the dross of the external. The good man (i.e. the

(7)

wise man) wants nothing: like the (9) gods, he is αὐτάρκης (self-sufficing)..."

—Encyclopedia Britannica (1954 edition), in the article "Cynics".

Sept. 30, 1978. From Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables", Fantine, Book 3, Chapt. 5: "the cat... had the esteem of the republics of antiquity; it was the inclination of liberty in their sight..."

(Compare Kipling's Just So ~~Stories~~ stories: "Still I am the cat who walks by himself, by his wild lone")

From "Bloody end of Meeker's Utopia" in American Heritage Book of Great Adventures of the Old West, p. 318:

"The ~~agent~~ agent outlined his Utopian dream to the principal chiefs [of the Utes]... plans... to raise their standard of ~~living~~ living... mills, orchards, wool plants, coal mines, and a railroad... But Jack [a Ute chief] had an irritating way of asking loaded questions.... He wanted to know if the high ~~standard of living of the whites~~ living standard of the whites was worth all the work and worry they had to put into it. He asked if the white men enjoyed working as much as the Utes enjoyed their lordly leisure of hunting and fishing and riding their ponies...."

From the same Amer. Herit. book, section titled "Ballad of Cynthia Ann", p. 100. "the Colonel himself hadn't a doubt of the identity of that blond girl

promptly he had offered to buy (10)
her freedom; proudly Pahuaka
replied that members of his tribe
were not for sale. The Colonel
then asked to speak with the girl
...

Now the girl, in Indian dress,
walked slowly out of the group
and toward him, her eyes on the
ground. At the Colonel's feet she
sat down, as a modest Comanche
girl does before a man...

The Colonel spoke, coolly, kindly.
Her family had been hunting her for
years.... Her place waited for her,
and a warm welcome....

She raised her eyes.... In
that long glance he saw the
Llano — the endless level of the
high-lifted short-grass plain....
Even the blue of those eyes was like
the Llano sky...

He dropped his own startled
gaze. It's no use, he knew...
they went, and they let her go
back... For there is no fugitive
so difficult to pursue as the
freed will of a woman..."

[Romantic nonsense, of course,
but ~~it looks~~ this (and other evidence)
indicate that women, too, take
~~unbelievably~~ well to ~~wilderness~~
wilderness life if introduced to
it young enough. Of course, her
reluctance to return t[o] white
~~[illegible]~~ attachment to the people she had lived with for years, than to wilderness life. But obviously she did not find that life miserable — even for the squaws whose life has sometimes been depicted as very bad.]

Oct. 15: Here's a good sick-joke:

From Grzimek's "Animal Life Encyclopedia," vol 8, article "Domest Chicken" by M. Lühmann, p. 65:

"The keeping of fowl on a large scale operation is largely mechaniz A system of ~~[illegible]~~ conveyor belts and pipes brings food and water directly to the chicken. Another conveyor bel gathers the eggs...

"The animal lover is appalled by the high efficiency with which or species of ~~dom~~ domestic animals is being utilized. Considering the fact however, that today more than three billion people are living and must b fed, one can hardly avoid a certain rationalization of the keeping of domestic animals. Therefore, all those interested in animals should see to i that the chickens in the "laying facto and the "fattening operations" receive th ~~the~~ best possible care and treatment.

This stupid last remark complet ly misses the point. When mankind live under the same conditions as the chick (we are already half way there!) no doubt we, also will receive "the best possible care and treatment.

Lately I have been somewhat in contact with the Chairman of the Du Pa. Unit of Friends of the C[illegible]

(9)

with the idea of joining that (12)
organization — not because I think
such organizations do any good, ~~be~~
~~cause~~ but because there might be
a chance I could meet some
people in that organization who
would share my antitechnological views.
I still keep toying at times with the
faint hope of starting an antitech-
nological organization.

Oct. 19. From "A Dynasty of Western Outlaws", by Paul I. Wellman, p. 188.

"It should be stated that the out-
laws of the West, after the first post-
Civil War period, were almost without
exception cowboys ...

... it was a result of the lives they
led, and the resentments they held, chief
of which was the way in which barbed
wire and settlements were constantly
restricting their ranges to smaller
and smaller dimensions, thus
depriving them of their ~~lives~~ livelihood,
and more importantly, their way of
life."

Nov. 21. From "Geronimo", by Angie Debo, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1976, Preface, p. xi, describing Geronimo:
"He had an active intellectual curiosity and a ~~capacity~~ capacity for original thought. He was hard-headed and practical-minded, ruthless in competition, stern and unbending in his judgements, unrelenting in his hatreds. But he was kind and affectionate to his family and constant in his friendships, and his love for his mountain homeland was the unchanging sentiment of his life." (emphasis mine)

(10) (13)

Since the chances of stopping technological progress (even temporarily) seem so slight, I wish that there would be an all-out atomic war intensive enough to exterminate the human race.

Nov 21, 1978

Nov. 23. Ever since early September, I have, during a substantial proportion of the time, suffered from a powerful craving for women — enough to make me quite unhappy and sometimes very miserable. I suppose this is partly because, for the first time in 16 years I had a little taste of the delights of woman with that Catholic bitch Ellen, and partly because in this society one is constantly subjected to reminders of sex whether one likes it or not. (For example, the majority of the songs played on the radio where I work are about sexual love.) What I suffer from is not merely a desire for genital sex (that would be relatively easy to handle), but a craving for sexual love. For example, the sight of a married couple often makes me achingly envious. What excites me more than the idea of intercourse is the idea of lavishing tenderness and affection on a woman who accepts it joyfully. The second time I kissed that Catholic bitch, what I enjoyed even more than the hard kiss was the interval of a few seconds between the end of that kiss and the time when she dismissed me, during which interval I was gently brushing my parted lips against hers; to me at least this was full of tenderness. (In what spirit that perverted bitch took it, I don't know.)

Yet I feel practically hopeless about the possibility of ever getting a worthwhile woman. Not primarily because of the scarcity of

worthwhile women, one reason of my own incompetence in that kind of thing.

Nov. 26. From "The Wolf" by L. David Mech (a scientific work), p. 298. Writing of a wolf raised in captivity:

"our wolf Lightning escaped when eleven months old. She roamed the neighborhood for half the night... When she returned home at 1:00 AM and I fastened her back to the chain that held her to an artificial life, she was a different animal. She suddenly began to struggle fiercely to escape.... she had finally gotten a taste of what it was like to act as her heritage had dictated, to be wild and free.

"As I watched Lightning straining desperately at her chain, pacing, whining, and jumping frantically, I suddenly realized how very wrong it is to try to tame a wolf."

One might apply the last remark to human beings, since it would appear that, as yet, not all of us are genetically domesticated.

Nov. 28 (continuation of Nov. 23 entry). The fact is that I am practically a social cripple in that area. In some areas I have good social skills. For instance, when I am interviewed for a job I usually make a very good impression. Other people usually seem to like me, and on the few occasions in my adult life when I have become acquainted with small children I have made a big hit with them. But in dealing with what sociologists would (I suppose) call my "peer group", I am usually very unsuccessful. It has not been until recent years that I have come to fully realize how much this disability has cost me. It is about the only important area in which I am not capable, yet I now believe it has fundamentally altered the whole course of my life.

because I enjoy solitude anyway. I used to think I had lost little not being able to get along with my peers. I would simply keep to myself and was well satisfied with that.

It is hard to say what would have happened if I had not suffered from this disability. Of the possibilities that occur to me, these are the two extremes. On the one hand, I might never have learned the value of solitude; being solaced and entertained by social pleasures (especially sexual ones) my dissatisfaction with organized society might never have become sufficiently acute so that I would have the courage to try to break away from it or rebel against it. In that case I would have missed what I consider to have been the greatest value in my life. I am glad my life has not taken that course.

On the other hand it is possible that, if I had had no social disability, I would still have taken essentially the same course in life that I actually have taken, and I would have been much more successful at it. For instance, when I drove through Canada looking for a place to buy land for a cabin, I found it extremely difficult to make inquiries because I was too embarrassed to admit to people that I just wanted to go off in the woods and live as a hermit. Thus I made only a fraction as many inquiries as I could have made. Had I been less shy, I might have found what I wanted. Also, in a project of that type, it would have been extremely useful to have one or two partners. If a group of 2 or 3 have once established themselves in a remote area and had come to know the

(16) country, they could easily split up afterward, if they wanted solitude.

Then there is my wish to start an antitechnological organization. Since I do well at almost everything else, if it were not for my social disability & probably would have done well in attempting to start such an organization. Of course, the chances of success for such an organization are no doubt remote, but if there is any chance at all I would seem to have lost it by my inability to be accepted by a group.

Finally, of course, my disability has resulted in the problem that I am now suffering from so acutely — I rarely meet any unattached women, and when I do, I don't know how to approach them. Only recently have I come to feel that this is an enormous loss.

I want to make it clear that I have no desire for membership in a group for its own sake — but the ability to be accepted by my "peer group" would have been highly useful as a means to certain ends, as indicated above.

Dec. 24. As the reader of my various notes will realize by now, I have a tremendous fund of hatred. This fund is increased with every new difficulty that organized society imposes on me — such as noisy jets. The frustrated craving to have a woman to love has of course tended to stir up this hatred. Just lately some personal events (not directly the fault of organized society) have added to my

(13) rose so overflowing. I want to get back to Montana in the Spring before I start killing people, but I am so close to the edge that I may ~~bust~~ bust loose and start killing at any little minor annoyance. (17)

My statement that I don't get along with my "peer-group" should be clarified. It is not that I get into conflicts with them — that very seldom happens. In fact, in the 2 factories where I have worked this year, I even got the feeling that I was liked, in a mild way. But never accepted as one of the group. For example, a couple of weeks ago some of the people at work [redacted] agreed, while I was present, on some kind of outing in which they would go bowling and then do something else. It would never occur to them to invite me to join such an outing. Of course, I don't like bowl anyway, but they didn't know that. It would never occur to them to ask me whether I bowl. It is true that my only interest in joining any [redacted] group would lie in the hope that, if I had some social life, I might meet some unattached women. I have hardly any common interests with any groups I've encountered, and I have a strong taste for solitude. But I seem to be excluded from all social groups automatically, before they have any idea what my interests or preferences are; the bowling business described above is an example. Men rarely seem to [redacted] take me seriously as a potential friend (equal), or comrade; women rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential boyfriend. Their attitude toward me often seems to contain an element of condescension.

This formerly did not bother me much; in fact I tended to take a certain pride in being an arch-loner. But ever since this craving for a woman has come on me, I have been feeling

over the past year that my enforced solitude seems to exclude me irrevocably from sexual affection, and even from plain physical sex.

* * * *

Presumably because of that delicious taste of Ellen Tarmichael's lips that I had, this episode has been much worse than the period of horniness that I went through in '74 or '75 or whenever it was that I went to California for a couple of months. On that earlier occasion the craving was more physical, and less intense, and seemed less hopeless because I was younger, and my health was better, and perhaps also because the situation was such that I did not get so forcibly reminded of the fact that I seem somehow to get automatically excluded from all social relationships.

* * * *

At the age of thirty-six years, I have never been in bed with a woman, have never had any kind of love-affair, and have kissed only two women on a sexual basis. This in spite of the fact that I have always desired women very strongly (earlier, in a purely physical way; later I desired sexual love). Only when I was living my solitary life in the mountains was I free from the craving for women. But never before was it as bad, for any extended period, as it is now.

When I was young I used to view the desire for women as a weakness, as something that merely tended to distract me from aspirations that I considered more important. I still take this view (at least to some extent) but only in a detached kind of way; At present it has no emotional force with me. I have a desperate desire for sexual love with a woman.

So much so that I even did someth that I consider degrading, namely, signed up with 3 dating agencies — without any favorable result. From one I have not yet had a reply. From another I got a list of names and phone numbers, and from codes indicating interests I concluded that only one of the women on the list mig be suitable for me. I called her and she just said she was no longer interest in introductions. From another I got 2 names at different times. First time I called the lady 3 times, got no answer, so gave up, because at the time I was suffering from an uncomfortable affliction in my shoulder which did not encourage me to be ambitious. Seco time I called the lady and took her out too lunch. She was unattractive and her interests and attitudes were too far from mine.

When I was younger, my feelings toward other people tended to be callous. In recent years I have been getting very soft-hearted and compassionate about certain things. Things like blood and death do not excite my sympathy very much — perhaps because I am not particularly afraid of these things myself. This woman just mentioned above provides an example of the kind of thing that strongly excites my sympathy; in fact I often get an acute pain of compassion when I think about it

(perhaps she had rarely or never had dates in recent years — she might have been around 30 years old.) Mostly she did not show any nervousness — but just twice, through some tremor of voice and hand, I thought I had a glimpse of a strong (but mostly well-controlled) nervousness in her. After (I was experiencing that kind of nervousness myself.) I brought her home from lunch she invited me to come in. Her invitation was rather cold — she said with a shrug, "You can come in if you like. I don't care." But it seemed obvious that the coldness was the result of her fear of having her feelings hurt by a refusal — she knew she was unattractive. Though I didn't want to, I accepted the invitation merely to avoid hurting her feelings. I sat with her in her home for a couple of hours, and there I concluded she was not as unattractive as she'd seemed at first. She was certainly intelligent. There was some overlap between her interests and attitudes, and mine.

Looking her over I came to the tentative conclusion that physically she was average or slightly better; she looked so horrible only because of her clumsy attempts to dress herself up. She absolutely reeked with a strong perfume, and in her home the same scent was present in such strength as to be absolutely nauseating. She had too much make-up, inexpertly applied. She wore clothing such as an old lady would wear, and this was so shaped as to give a blocky look to her figure — which was rather full but I think properly proportioned. (If she had just put on any old pair of pants with a halfway decent fit I think she would have revealed the lines of a reasonably good figure.) She occasionally laughed in a way that made one think of an old woman. She had two cats that she referred to as her "children".

When I finally left, her last words were "See you soon". But she

(16)

seemed almost to choke off the (21)
last word, as if she suddenly
remembered that she had no reason to
assume I would ever call her again.

My heart goes out to this poor woman,
especially when I think of ~~her~~ her
diffidence when she invited me in, and
the way she said "See you soon" when I
left. From my own experience, I can
well imagine what her feelings may be.
The ~~yearning~~ deep yearning for
affection from a man; the humiliation
that this yearning involves in view of
the fact that she is unable ever to
attract a man; the bitter thought that
some accidental characteristics of hers
have excluded her from something
precious that most other people do
have during some period of their
lives; perhaps a frustrated feeling
that she could give so much to the
right man — if only he would accept
her.

I have felt so sympathetic toward
this woman that I have even con-
sidered asking her out again, just to
make her feel good. But, aside from the
fact that I would find it burdensome
to do this, I am afraid I might only
hurt her by encouraging false hopes.
It has occurred to me to write to
her and ~~also~~ advise her how to make
herself more attractive — she's really not
too badly endowed physically and
could ~~try~~ be ~~moderately attractive,~~
~~perhaps~~ mildly attractive, perhaps, if
she stopped making herself horrible
with her clothing, perfumes, and
certain ~~mannerisms~~ mannerisms. But such
a letter would be sure to hurt her
feelings cruelly, and might not do
her any good anyway. So I don't know
what I can do except just let

sorry for her.

(17)

Jan. 28, 1979. About 2½ weeks ago my awful craving for a woman went away rather abruptly. Not that I lost interest in sex but the intensity was very much relieved. There followed a kind of nausea or disgust with the whole thing. This was not primarily a disgust with women, but a nausea at the intensity of the feelings I had been having. As I get older, I more and more dislike experiencing violent or stressful emotions. I more and more prefer tranquility and peace.

This disgust at violent emotions does not result from the need to retain rational control over myself — I feel my rational control is stronger than ever, so that I have no hesitation about relaxing and acting in an uninhibited way (as my family will tell you) when I can prudently do so; & because I know I can clamp down the control again whenever I want.

The disgust at violent emotions results from increasing aversion to the stress involved — even the stress involved in intense pleasure.

I mentioned ~~above that~~ somewhere before in this set of notes that I had been interested in the organization Friends of the Earth. The Raymond Mostek whom I'd been in touch with in this connection finally decided that the local chapter of FOE was no longer functioning, and he suggested I join the Audubon Society. I have no respect for Aud Soc. (Little old lady ~~bird~~ bird watchers who want ~~land~~ so-called "wilderness" that is cared for like a garden.)

(22)

But I joined anyway because (a) I thought I might find some people there who might be inclined toward my anti-technological views (b) I was curious to see how such organizations functions, (c) at that time, being still hungry for women, I also took into consideration the chance (only a small chance, I felt) that I might meet some suitable woman there.

(23)

About a week after the intensity of my craving relaxed, I attended my first board meeting of the ~~Aud~~ Dupage Aud. Soc. A week after that I attended a general meeting of the Dupage Aud. Soc. I found ~~the~~ ~~quite~~ ~~interesting~~ all this quite interesting, even though I gained no respect for the opinions of the people involved. It is not completely clear to me why I found it so interesting — but I think it is partly because one often reads in the paper that this or ~~the other~~ that organization has done such and such; but I've never known anything about how such organizations function; now I've been learning a little.

Anyhow, there were just six people at the meeting, including me and ... a beautiful, charming young girl (maybe 19 years old?) who was serving as secretary and taking notes. I also met her at the general meeting. She seems inclined to be friendly. Since meeting her the

second time, my thoughts run (24)
on her a great deal. Perhaps this
will result in another round of
stressful ~~strange~~ feelings for me. Still,
I can hardly say that I regret
meeting a creature full of such
bright and cheerful charm.

From "Assassination and Political Violence: A staff report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence", prepared by James F. Kirkham, Sheldon Levy, William J. Crotty. Page 4.

"A second category is assassination for the purpose of terrorizing and destroying the legitimacy of the ruling elite in order to effect substantial systemic or ideological change. ...

"Our studies show that this kind of assassination is effective in achieving the long-range goals sought, although not so in ~~advanc~~ ~~ing~~ advancing the short-term goals or careers of the terrorists themselves. Our studies show that, at least in modern history (post-1850), it cannot be said that in the long run any terrorist group was unsuccessful, except in those countries such as Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany where the ruling elite was willing to use massive counter-terror to suppress potentially terroristic

(19) groups. Once a terroristic (25)
group is well established, the only effective response is either counter-terror or agreement to the basic demands of the terrorists. . . .

"Terrorists often correctly perceive that their greatest enemy is the moderate who attempts to remedy [I would replace "remedy" by "palliate" here] whatever perceived injustices form the basis for terrorist strength." [Note this in connection with my contempt for conservation groups (even though I am at the moment a member of ~~one~~ one!), consumer protection groups and other groups that attack the superficial inconveniences of life in the technological society without attacking that form of society itself.]

The above ~~conclud~~ conclusions sound hopeful to me, because, if correct, they seem to suggest that a comparatively small group of people can change the course of history if sufficiently determined. But I wouldn't be too confident about this without examining the evidence on which they (the authors) based their conclusions.

Still, if only I could start an anti-technological terrorist group! Any kind of effective anti-technological group! But that would require meeting a lot of people, picking out the right ones, and firing them with enthusiasm for the idea. That is, it would require considerable social skill — and the social area is my

(26) one weak point. (20)

As mentioned before, my motive for originally becoming interested in Friends of the Earth was the hope that I might meet there some ecological fanatics ripe for anti-technological ideas. Doesn't look as if I'll meet many such in Audubon Society.

Jan 31, 1979. The people where I am now working (Prince Castle, Inc.) seem to be pretty nice. I mildly like most of them, and I don't strongly dislike any of them. On principle I ought to hate some of them, and in fact I would have hated these, and would have wanted to shoot them, if I had met them under different circumstances. For instance, one fellow is a snow-mobilist; another fellow (from Pakistan) is ambitious to make money in unlimited quantities by going into business and he wants to see his country "developed". However, these 2 fellows have pleasant personalities and I like them whenever I am not thinking about the bad characteristics mentioned above. There is no real contradiction here; no one thinks it very strange if a soldier fraternized with an enemy one day during a truce, then shoots him dead the next day in battle. The fact that you find someone personally pleasant may be overborne by other factors.

There is a fellow where I work who comes from India, named

very competent mechanically, but (27)
otherwise he seems rather stupid. Especially, he is socially stupid; for instance, he once asked me, "You like me?" and beamed with satisfaction when I said "yes"; in the belief that he had receiv an honest answer. I find him mildl annoying because he pushes himse on me. I make an effort to avo hurting his feelings because he is v unhappy, homesick, and hungry for friendship. He is 34 years old, com from a large, close family group, seems to find it very difficult t get along without the emotional supp that apparently he is accustomed to getting from these people. I also get the impression that he does not ge along well with the brother-in-law in whose house he is living. He continually talks about going back to India as soon as he saves up the money he wants. He sometimes cries at work, and once he talked about suicide. He says he writes letters to his friends in India, but most of them don't answer. (This seem to confirm his social stupidity — very likely all these "friends" were peop who didn't like him half so well as I imagined they did.)

On the other hand, despite his weaknesses, he has char acteristics worth respecting. He takes pride in his ability to work well, in his physical strength, and in himself generally — in this aspect he rather reminds me of myself. He has a

(21)

though somewhat peculiar by American standards. He has, well, more life in him than the average person I've known.

He says to me things like — "You my friend! You good! I not forget you!" To earn all this gratitude I've done very little more than simply tolerate his advances, with an effort to avoid hurting his feelings.

Another interesting character where I work is the foreman, Joe Cimmarusti. He is a 22-year old Italian who has been in this country something more than 4 years. More so than Ashok, he has more "life" (as I've called it) in him than most people do. He is temperamental — he readily shouts at his workers and occasionally gets insulting. But he cools down quickly, and when he is in a good mood his personality is so engaging that most of his workers like him in spite of his tantrums. He has mediocre analytical intelligence but good intuitive intelligence. He has a warm smile, is a natural leader, and probably is very attractive to women.

He somehow acquired a high opinion of my intelligence on the first day, and I have gotten along well with him ever since. He has occasionally spoken to me in a somewhat irritable tone, but he has never shouted at me or spoken insulting-ly to me. I get the impression that he has a particular respect for me. (But of course one can easily deceive oneself about such things.)

(22)

Feb. 5. It seems that Art (who is Joe C.'s second-in-command at work) is going to be transferred to a somewhat more responsible position.

(22)

Today, Joe offered me Art's job, (29)
which would raise my pay from 4.50
to 5.00/hour and give me more
interesting work. However, I told Joe
that I may quit and go back to
Montana ~~xx~~ next summer, and, as I
expected, he said he couldn't give me the
job in that case because he needs
somebody that he can be sure will stay.
He looked as if his feelings were somewhat
hurt.

A couple of months ago I was
offered a job in the quality control
department, inspecting toasters—this also
would be $5.00 an hour. I accepted,
but they keep stringing me along without
actually transferring me to the other job.
After Joe made me this offer, I
asked the quality control chief about my
inspection job. He told me it is
"absolutely certain" I will get the job,
but he couldn't tell me when.

When I told Joe I might leave
this summer, I said it was in con-
fidence; but it's possible he might
break that confidence and let others know,
which might prevent me from getting
the inspection job. But I don't care
a hell of a lot now, because it's not
likely that I'll stay there more than
another couple of months anyway.

Unless something definite happens to
tempt me in another direction, it is my
intention to start killing people this
summer.

Feb. 7. Yesterday Joe again brought up
the question of that job. He said the job was
mine if I could tell him I intended to
stay. I told him I couldn't make any
promises. He said "Well, it was a try,
anyway" and seemed quite

disappointed. I think he feels bad about it — I think he takes it personally, in a way. I don't mean he's angry — we're still on good terms. Today he told me he's given the job to someone else.

(30)

To tell the truth, ~~I feel heartsick~~ at having had to turn down that job. I would have liked very much to accept it. ~~For one thing, I have to go and get my revenge (or as much revenge as I can get). For another thing, I won't accept the indignity of living my life as a member of technological civilization.~~ → But of course I couldn't accept it, because for one thing, I have to go and get my revenge (or as much revenge as I can get); and for another thing, I won't accept the indignity of living my life as a member of technological civilization.

(By the way, my thought that Joe might break confidence and tell about the likelihood of my leaving seems to have come true; because Dominic asked me today if it's true I'm going to quit, and if Dominic knows, it's likely the whole world will soon know, because Dominic is a scatterbrain and I ~~very~~ doubt that he can keep a secret. But I don't resent it.)

Further examination as to why I can't commit myself to staying at that job for a long period: I find it extremely burdensome to be tied to a clock — the rigid schedule seems to leave me with insufficient time to do other things that I have in mind. I don't mind the work itself, but I do find it a strain to have to meet the approval of a supervisor, keep up a good rate of work in the face of frustrations like missing tools or lack of materials, and that sort of thing. The only thing that make this slave-work tolerable to me is the knowledge that I can quit any damn time I please. If I felt that I were committed to keeping the job being "responsi and keeping the job, then I would fe trapped.

When Joe offered me that job, in view of the nature of the job and wh he said about it, his offer seemed simply not only an appreciation of my ability, but also an acceptance of my personality. Thus, the biggest reason I feel very badly about having to turn down th job is that I feel as if I have turned down an offer of friendsh See remarks on p. 17 of these notes to know why this should affect me.

The idea of becoming an accepted a respected member of the social group where I work is certainly very temptin (But these people are slaves* to the system. To be one of them, I would have t be a slave too. Of course, that is out.)

I don't recall ever having had any strong feelings of this type before. It seems strange that these social feelings should come on me so strongly now. But I think I see some of the reasons: If I carry out my intentions about killing people, then I face death myself in the near future (I won't be taken alive if I can help it.). So it's natural that I should feel badly when I see slipping away my last chances at certain great pleasures that I have almost

*At present, at least, I don't feel the contempt for these people that the word "slave" would seem to imply.

(24)

(32)

completely missed in life (social pleasures and women). ~~Also, was since I left the academic world 10 years ago my attitude has~~ Also, going out with Ellen T. seems to have stirred up a lot of dormant feelings. And, by chance, at Prince Castle I seem to have encountered a group which is more acceptable to me than the average group and which seems to accept me better than the average group does. Moreover, there is the fact that, ever since I left the academic world 10 years ago, my attitude toward the human race has been getting less negative. For nearly all the university people I met, I had a deep contempt, mostly because of their pretension, their self-deception, and the fact that I had no use for their values. As for working people, I have no use for their values either, but they are certainly not pretentious, and, if they have as much self-deception as intellectuals it is not obvious to me. Also, it seems to me that working people are more tolerant of individual differences than intellectuals are — Intellectuals are inclined to regard every deviant as "sick". Finally, the difference in intelligence between intellectuals and working people appears to me to be not nearly as great as the intellectuals like to believe. I have met far more personalities for whom I have some respect among the working people than among intellectuals or bourgeois types. It appears to me that, generally speaking, intellectuals are more firmly under psychological control by society than are working people.

Feb. 25. In the Jan. 28 entry of these notes, I suggested that ~~my encountering~~ that pretty girl (Lisa Zebrowski) at Audubon meetings

would result in another round of stress- (33)
ful feelings for me, and I was right.
I met her again at a meeting on Feb. 13.
I had the strong impression that she
was going out of her way to be
friendly to me. In fact, I had ~~—~~
no doubt about it. I am usually
very cautious about concluding that
a female finds me attractive, because
it is ~~—~~ uncomfortable to be
~~disap~~ disappointed. But in this case
I thought it was perfectly clear. So
yesterday I asked her out. Her answer
was "thank you, but I don't think my
boyfriend would like that." Actually,
as soon as I ~~—~~ heard her on
the phone I had misgivings, because
her ~~delight~~ voice (bright and friendly
it seemed to me before) sounded dull
and ~~—~~ uninterested even before I asked
her. Even her enunciation seemed
sloppy on the phone, though when I met her
it was quite ~~—~~ clear. previously

I simply don't understand all
this. It seemed so ~~—~~ obvious that
she was trying to get friendly with me.
How can one tell whether a woman likes
one? — that is, whether she is likely to
say ~~not —~~ "yes" if you ask her out.
This case, and some previous cases
(such as Ellen Tarmichael and the Debbie
whom I met in California [in I think
1975 — referred to in some of my earlier
notes]) make me wonder whether any
female (other than Ellen Arl*) has ever
found me attractive. I mean, if this girl's

*Ellen Arl was a moderately nice-looking girl I went out with over a period of months when I was 19-20 years old. She had thrown herself at me more or less shamelessly, openly said she was "infatuated", etc. Eventually I got sick of her objectionable personality traits; I made some ~~—~~ cutting remarks, and after that she refused to ~~—~~ ~~—~~ ~~—~~

behavior (and behavior of girls in a few previous cases) doesn't mean what I thought, I am forced to ask myself whether all my interpretations of other people's behavior toward me are miscalculated. Do the majority of the people I work with mildly like me, as I had assumed, or do they merely tolerate me? Was I mistaken in assuming that Joel's offer of a job working closely with him implied that he accepted me in a personal way? Maybe the offer was purely the result of cold calculation on my ability and intelligence.

During my twenties (in spite of the fact that I had had a girlfriend for a while — Ellen Arl) I had pretty well given up hope of ever having a girl, and consequently I did not find the lack so unbearable. I certainly did suffer considerably from sexual frustration, but I was hardened to it, and resigned. When I was alone in the mountains I was mostly free of the desire for women. But, coming down from the mountains and into contact with women again, I somehow no longer felt so hopeless and resigned about sex, especially after I found (in Calif., 1975 I think it was — see earlier notes) that I was much better able to overcome my shyness and make advances toward women.

FEB 25, 19

Now I am full of grief and frustration over all this; not only over the fact that I can't get a woman, but over the fact that I can't clearly comprehend the reasons why I am never able to get a woman. In mathematical work, I have sometimes

encountered a fairly simple problem; the solution seems straightforward. Yet somehow the answer keeps coming out wrong, even though you work it out over and over again. This causes a terribly frustrating sense of perplexity. (Of course, in mathematics there is always a way out — you just go through the troublesome process of writing out your proof in complete, rigorous, formal detail; the formal system of mathematics will then locate your error for you.)

I get this same feeling of frustrating perplexity with regard to women; though I'm 36 years old I've never had a girlfriend (except Ellen Arl, and she turned out to be rotten) and, while I can conjecture some possible reasons for this, none of them seem fully convincing and adequate. One reason that most women might not form any attachment to me is the fact that my attitudes and values are so far out that most women might consider these objectionable. But the only 3 women in my age group who have ever had even an inkling of my extreme attitudes were Carol Wolman* Ellen Arl, and Ellen Tarmichael. In other cases, I've never even got started with the girl — never far enough for her to know I had any remarkable attitudes. I mean, I don't just go around telling people that I hate organized society and view all ideas of ethics with contempt.

Or do women find me physically unattractive? I don't see why they would. I'm not bad-looking. Once, a few years ago,

*See earlier notes.

(21)

when I was waiting in a car to pick ~~up a girl after work~~ up my mother after work, her young, ~~married~~ married female co-worker walked by. According to my mother's report, this girl asked her, "Is that your son waiting in your car?" My mother said "yes", and the girl said, "He's very nice-looking."

Am I too skinny for women? I am 5'9", 150 pounds with no surplus fat. That's a light build, but not exceptionally so. Doubtless women tend to prefer a heavier ~~build~~ build in men, but I am wiry, erect, reasonably well-proportioned, and in excellent training. I've seen lots of guys much skinnier than me with attractive girlfriends.

Is it my mannerisms or the way I present myself to people? I don't suppose I have repellent mannerisms, since, in the past, employment agencies have told me more than once that I made a very good impression in job interviews. Furthermore, many older people seem to like me very well.

Of course, it may be that the majority of women prefer a socially aggressive, socially self-confident type. Still, I would assume that there is a pretty fair percentage of women who prefer or at least accept the shy, reserved type. I don't recognize any unmasculine traits in my brand of shyness.

Until recent years, I ascribed my lack of success with women mainly to the combination of shyness and stubborn pride* that made it extremely difficult for me to make advances toward women. But in recent years, as these and earlier notes indicate, I have been making advances.

*See earlier notes

(28)

Still with no success. Except ~~in~~ (37)
~~perhaps in~~ maybe just a little in the case of Ellen Tarmichael; but I still don't know whether she found me attractive at all or whether she was just playing some kind of a game with me.

Even though I have no social life, it is true that (except for 6 years of total solitude) I have had contact with attractive young women not so infrequently. And of course when I was in academic life for 11 years there were lots of attractive, unmarried girls around. In the twenty years that have elapsed since I was sixteen, one would think that at ~~one~~ some time or other, some stroke of chance would have brought me an acceptable girl. But not so. Sometimes I almost get the feeling that I am the victim of some strange jinx — that there is an unalterable law of ~~nature~~ nature which states: "T. J. Kaczynski will never get a woman." (Of course, I don't for a moment believe such nonsense; but sometimes I get that feeling.) Every stroke of chance that might have brought me a woman has been forestalled by some other stroke of chance. (Example: A few years ago, when I was in my cabin in Montana, my parents drove through the west on a vacation trip. My father wrote to me to the effect that in one campground he met a very attractive young woman about 25 years old, not attached to any man, apparently, but with a 4 or 5 year old daughter. He had considerable conversation with her, and found she was a great enthusiast for wilderness life. When he told her about my way of life in the mountains, she became very interested and said

he would like to meet me and (38)
sked for my address. For reasons
29
at he didn't explain, my father
fused to give her my address, and
idently he didn't get her address
ither. I suppose he thought I
uldn't want to be bothered. Yeah,
here's nothing I hate like having
autiful girls come around to
ter me. (Within the very narrow
mits where he is accustomed to thinking,
y father is reasonably intelligent; but
tside those very narrow limits, he
ten is unbelievably stupid. No doubt
enility plays some role here.) Of
ourse, if the ~~old~~ stupid old geezer had
ad the sense not to tell me about this
incident, I would not have ~~missed~~ felt
~~it~~ any lack at the time, since
n my solitude I was not even thinking about women.
ut, since the old stupe did tell me
bout it, I felt an extremely deep-
utting sense of bitterness over the lost
pportunity. I still feel it.)

Of course, when the dice keep
urning up wrong, again and again,
very time they are thrown, one has good
rounds for suspecting they are loaded.
o it would seem that there is something
bout me that prevents me from getting
omen; and whatever it is it must be
omething that shows up on the surface,
because only in a couple of cases have I
nown young women well enough so that
hey would know ~~anything about me but~~
ny but my most obvious characteristics
-the kind of characteristics that show
p in the most superficial acquaintance-
ship.

But it is so frustrating and perplexing ~~to me~~ to be unable to (39)
arrive at any plausible theory as to
what it is that forms such an
impenetrable barrier between me and
women.

Just to be sure there is no mistake
about it, I want to explain that my
craving for women does not result from
any need for love as such, for
security, or companionship, or any such
thing. (This is demonstrated by the
fact that I usually had very little
desire for women when I lived alone
in the mountains.) My craving for
women is as follows.

When we ~~fantasize~~ fantasize an intense
pleasure, and feel that there is a
possibility of making the fantasy a reality,
we are tempted to think about this
pleasure more and more until our desire
for it is apt to become irresistable. The
idea of sexual love is of course intensely
pleasurable. When I come down from the
mountains and meet women, I am reminded
of sex and presented with the possibility
that I might have a relationship with some
woman. Then, too, there are the constant
sexual stimuli that our society dissemin-
ates through advertising, radio, etc. The
result is that my ascetic tendencies soon
break down, and sexual desire partly
takes control. The fact that my desire
for women is ever stronger now than when I
was in my teens and twenties is, I think,
explained by two factors. One is hope;
that is, during my ~~teens~~ twenties, I tended
to feel that it was more or less impossible
that I would get a woman (in this regard I
had been very deeply discouraged by never
getting anywhere with girls during my teens). Thus,
as explained earlier, I was somewhat hardened
against sex, or at least against women. In
recent years, however, for one reason or another,
I have not felt it so completely impossible
that I might get a woman, and this ray of
hopefulness has naturally increased desire. The

(30)

other factor is that during my teens and to a lesser extent during my twenties, the dominant role that ego* plays in my personality made me very resistant to ~~[illegible]~~ the self-surrender involved in sexual love. ~~[illegible]~~ But the repeated assaults of sexual desire over the years gradually broke down the resistance of my ego, so that now I am all too ready to experience tender feelings toward women. Of course (for reasons that I won't enter into here) sexual love is far more pleasurable than physical sex alone, so, now that I am ripe for sexual love, I suffer more from desire than I did in my teens when I ~~[illegible]~~ craved only physical sex, most of the time.

(40)

March 6. Yesterday, instead of going to work, I phoned in and said I was quitting. It was terribly hard for me to do this. But I had to quit, for the following reasons. I will not fritter away my life as a pawn of the system. And I have to get my revenge. Also, I am so tired of stress and struggle — making a bomb (buying materials separately at different places, working on it secretly in my room, etc.) is an ordeal; I have to force myself to do it, and it takes a lot of forcing. It would be the same with planning out and executing any other means of murdering a big-shot** safely. It is especially hard to summon up the energy to do these psychologically difficult things when one works 8 hours a day. I have nothing to look forward to in life but that purposeless round of getting up every morning, going to work, coming home again, eating,

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*By ego I mean will, purpose, decision, desire for power, need for purposeful work, and that sort of thing. I don't know if this is a strictly correct use of the word ego.

**Scientist, businessman, govt. official, etc.

) going to sleep, and getting up for work again the next morning. (Maybe there would still be something better I could still strive for, some corner of the world where there's still some wilderness, or other things — but, again, I'm so terribly tired of struggling.) For these reasons, I want to get my revenge in one big blast. By accepting death as the price, I won't have to fret and worry about how to plan things so I won't get caught. Moreover, I want to release all my hatred and just go out and kill. When I see a motorcyclist tearing up the mountain meadows, instead of fretting about how I can get revenge on him safely, I just want to watch the bullet rip through his flesh and I want to kick him in the face while he is dying.

You mustn't assume from this that I am currently being tormented by paroxysms of hatred. Actually, during the last few months (except at a few times) I have been troubled by frustrated hatred much less than usual. I think this is because, whenever I have experienced some outrage (such as a low-flying jet or some official stupidity reported in the paper), as I felt myself growing angry, I calmed myself by thinking — "just wait till this summer! Then I'll kill!" Thus, what I've been feeling in recent months is not hot rage, but a cold determination to get my revenge.

But I want to die in my home hills in Montana, not here in the city. Death in the city seems so sordid and depressing. Death in those hills — well, if you have to die, that's the place to do it.

However, it would have been very tempting to just hang onto my job at Prince Castle indefinitely, even though I have nothing to look forward to. The truth is, I don't want to die! And, while I see no prospects for

myself, who knows what might turn up? I might even get lucky and find a suitable woman for myself, hopeless as that seems. (That doesn't fit in with my plans, but the temptation would be so powerful --- well, it might even be worth it.)

The trouble with letting things drift along at Prince Castle is this: If I am going to roam around in the Montana hills making murderous raids, as I plan, I'll have to have reasonable ~~health~~ health and physical ability, and I'll want, if at all possible, to have most of the summer ahead of me when I start. Preferably I should return to Montana in spring, and I'd be very reluctant to delay it beyond the middle of the summer; if I delayed beyond that point, I'd want to put it off ~~with~~ till next year. And the trouble with that is — what if my health goes bad? I don't feel I can trust my health too well any more. The status of my blood pressure is open to doubt. I have irregularities of heartbeat that seem associated with periods of nervous tension. I have a chronically swollen finger joint and soreness in some of my other finger joints*. The doctor says this is some form of arthritis. It's rather worse this year than it was last year. What if tension and blood pressure give me a crippling stroke or heart-attack? What if the arthritis spreads to my knees next year? I have been putting off my revenge for years. If I put it off another year it could possibly be too late — that is, I could possibly get too broken down physically to do it the way I want to. And if I want to go back to Montana next spring, I felt I shouldn't delay quitting my job much longer, because I want to have time to finish making a bomb, to write down on paper some of the things that are on my mind, and to do some other things.

But it was very difficult for me to quit that job, and I feel terribly, terribly heartsick over it. (More heartsick than I felt after I turned down that job Joe offered me by telling him I might quit later, but not quite so heartsick as I felt after that bad business with Ellen T.) At first I intended to give 2 weeks notice before quitting. If I had disliked the boss or felt angry at him, I would have found it easy to tell him I was quitting; as it was I felt embarrassed and uncomfortable. And I would have had to answer questions from him and my other co-workers: How come you're quitting Where are you going and what will you do now? I would have had to lie to them and keep up those lies for 2 weeks. It would have been an ordeal, and I felt very reluctant to face it. So I quit without notice. But now what do those people think of me? They were my friends* — or maybe not friends, exactly — certainly not <u>close</u> friends. But they were more than just acquaintances. Many of them had my qualified respect. Perhaps I wouldn't respect them if I knew more about their personal lives, values, and aspirations; but many of them were

* The kind of work I do at Prince Castle seems to aggravate this, since many of the jobs put a strain on the finger-joints.

* If they were strangers or if I disliked them, I wouldn't care what they think.

good workers, and I liked and respected the personalities they displayed on the job. I had the impression that most of them respected me and more or less liked me. At least I felt better ~~spo~~ accepted by them than by any group I've ever been with since before my teens. And now I've thrown that away.

And there's more to it than that. One thing that our society demands is that you have a recognized place in the system. By quitting my job, I've made myself again an outcast, a good-for-nothing, a bum — someone whom "respectable" people can't view without a certain element of suspicion. I can't feel comfortable ~~again~~ in this respect until I get away into the hills again — away from society.

Besides, in quitting I feel as if I have signed my own death-warrant. Drifting along indefinitely in that job would have been the path of least resistance — and that, in a way, was the only thing remaining between me and the finish of everything. Now the path of least resistance is simply to go back to Montana, and once I'm there, I'll kill, because, as I decided before I left Montana, if I ever went back there I'd have to kill, because I had too much accumulated anger over the inroads of civilization. I'm not likely to change my mind and go looking for another job — job hunting

is a great ordeal for me, and (45) so is adjusting socially to a new job. So it seems nearly certain now that it's back to Montana, and then — the end.

It would have been better if I had never met Ellen T. and had worked in some big, anonymous factory where I would never get to know anyone. Then I could take all this stoically, as I used to. As it is, my social and sexual feelings have been stirred up in such a way that I feel a terrible sense of loss.

Of course, there are advantages to quitting that job. I found it rather exhausting to have my sleeping and working hours tied to a rigid schedule, especially since there was usually a certain amount of tension on the job due to Joe's touchy personality. (He never spoke to me in the openly offensive way he sometimes used toward other people, but at times when he was in a bad mood I felt an offensive undercurrent in his speech toward me.) I might work more hours in the woods, but felt it less tiring, because I could adjust the schedule to suit myself, and didn't undergo the tension of having to satisfy a boss. Still, the relief of getting off the strain of the job ~~was~~ is nowhere near enough to compensate for the other, very bad

feelings I have about quitting. (46)

March 8. I still feel acutely miserable. Not depressed — I follow my urge to go it running and walking, and I spend a good deal of time writing down my thoughts (I don't mope too much.) Because my feelings of a certain type have been stirred up, I have been reviewing my past life. I am feeling so much grief and bitterness over it, that I conclude the social rejection I've usually endured ever since age 9, and consequent sexual frustration, cut much deeper than I formerly realized. By the time I was out of high school I was hardened to social rejection, so that I did not find it acutely painful; yet now that my memories and feelings are stirred up I feel very bitter about it. It was not that I felt I needed friends — I was self-sufficient and could get along ~~without them~~ comfortably without those. But evidently I accumulated considerable pain over the years (pain that is coming to the surface now) as a result of ~~them~~ the fact that most people's attitudes toward me have either been negative, disregardful, or condescending. However, I have generally found it much easier to endure punishments than to forgo rewards (I mean the important, fundamental kinds of rewards — the little rewards I can snap my fingers at). Thus, far more than social rejection, the really terrible thing for me has been sexual frustration. All those years I spent in academic life, with attractive young women around all the time, and I never could get anywhere with any of them (except Ellen Arl, who was no good anyway). Now, over the last few months I've had foolish hopes that things might change in that regard. But my attempts in that direction have either gotten nowhere at all, or have had results that made me feel humiliated.* Now I again feel hopeless and apathetic about women, and somewhat nauseated by the idea of chasing them. But I feel full of acute grief over the fact that I have never experienced sexual love, and that there is almost no chance now that I will ever have it. (47)

[Note on the statements that most people's attitude toward me has either been negative, disregardful, or condescending: This refers to their attitude toward my personality. By some people I have been highly respected for my technical ability, in various kinds of work ranging from mathematics to post-cutting. But appreciation of work performance does not necessarily imply acceptance of personality.]

March 9. From "Assassination and Political Violence", by Kirkham, Levy, and Crotty, cited before on p. 24 of these notes: p. 93: "Presidential assassination is, for the overwhelming majority of Americans, the equivalent of parricide. Most Americans felt after the assassination of John F. Kennedy that they had lost a member of their own

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* I ~~to~~ had those dating agencies ~~from~~ take me off their lists because, after I went out with that unattractive woman, I called at different times 2 other names ~~on their~~ that they gave me. It cost me considerable nervous tension to make these calls, and in both cases the women said they were not interested and their names were supposed to have been taken off the list. ~~Also, it was embarrassing for me to have my family see mail~~ This I found humiliating. Also, it was embarrassing for me to have my family see mail coming to me from those places.

Also, I went to a volleyball program set up by the [illegible] Park District. There

were quite a few women there — most appeared to be very good, well-conditioned physical specimens — Attractive. But all the players appeared to be regular habitués who were skillful and took the game seriously — they seemed to be more or less a regular club. None of them seemed inclined to invite me to join a game. Perhaps I could have just horned in on a game; but since I haven't played volleyball since I was 13 I would probably have been unskillful. This would have been annoying to the other players and would have made me look foolish. So I just left without playing — feeling humiliated again. Also tried other things — but nothing even remotely promising.

END OF FOOTNOTE

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family, almost always their father ... Many not only compared their sense of loss to the death of their fathers, but expressed a more profound sense of shock, loss, and deprivation than they had felt at the death of their own father. Two-thirds of those interviewed complained not only of depression, but of almost unbearable nervousness and tension. One-half of them could not eat or sleep."

[to me, this seems difficult to believe. If it is true, I find it profoundly despicable. And it shows what a powerful grip propaganda has, in being able to put across so effectively this image of the president as father. How can anyone possibly believe that the public is capable of making rational decisions on public issues? Or the leaders, either, since the leaders too, nearly all of them, in a democracy, are immersed in this mass of propaganda and swallow it whole. (Since the leaders themselves [not only in politics but in all fields] are slaves of propaganda, they are all the more able to make the masses believe in it.)

To me the president is just sem-

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jerk who makes a lot of decisions that I resent. (49)

From The Coming Dark Age, by Roberto Vacca (a specialist in computers and systems research), Transl. by J.S. Whale; Doubleday, 1973.

P.13: "Jay W. Forrester of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has shown that in the field of complex systems, cause-to-effect relationships are very difficult to analyse: hardly ever does one given parameter depend on just one other factor. What happens is that all factors and parameters are interrelated by multiple feedback loops, the structure of which is far from obvious..."

P.199: "As H.J. Eysenck has argued very plausibly, the conscience that defines what is evil and prevents us from doing it does not derive from a learning process but from a conditioning process."

In otherwords, people believe in "right" and "wrong" because they are brainwashed, not because they have made some supposedly rational decision about morals. Of course this should be qualified: Some of our behavior that appears moral probably results from biologically built-in predispositions. In this category we could include such things as loyalty toward family and friends, and pity toward a fellow-human (but only if this fellow-human poses no threat to us!). Also, very likely, incest taboos are of biological origin, if one believes the evidence cited by Vitus ~~Dross~~ Dröscher in They love and Kill.

Now I will have something to say about the question of why sexual love is so much more attractive than physical sex alone. I think that what I have to say is probably valid for most people; but in any case I am sure that it is valid as applied to me personally.

I don't know how the term "ego" is technically defined. By Ego, I mean will, purpose, decision, need for purposeful work, pride, self-interest, desire for power, sense of superiority, and that sort of thing.

By Ego-negation I mean acting, thinking, or feeling in a way that is contrary to the way our ego-type urges would direct us to think, act, or feel.

I would argue that ego-negation is one of the most important sources of sexual excitement, for most or all people. Apparently women are excited by the physical surrender involved in their sexual role. (So-called "feminine masochism".) Note how most sexual perversions involve doing something that is degrading or involves submission. Note that homosexuals (men who want the feminine, submissive role in sex) are many times more common than lesbians.

Thus, feminine sexuality and most perversions involve ego-negation. But ego-negation is also involved in sexual love. Love implies a willingness to sacrifice some of your own self-interest for the sake of someone else. A man in love is likely to have fantasies of, for example, heroically risking his own life to save the lady from danger, or of bringing her gifts, or in other ways putting her welfare

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ahead of his own. (Anyway, I have such fantasies when I'm stuck on a girl.)

(51)

Thus, I suggest that the ego-negation involved in so much sexual perversion, is ego-negation that normally would have gone into sexual love, but for one reason or another has gone astray and taken a peculiar channel.

I am not claiming that ego-negation is the only thing that makes sexual love so much more satisfying than physical sex alone, but I do think that ego-negation is a very important factor in making sexual love so attractive.

There is another point I'd like to consider. For me (and I imagine also for many other people) there are two distinct kinds of sexual feeling. Let's call them S-feeling (for soul-feeling) and B-feeling (for body-feeling). By B-feeling I mean simple physical sexual lust. By S-feeling I mean something like sexual love, that is, in connection with the S-feeling one desires to look long into the woman's eyes, to communicate with her on an intimate level, to have an intimate psychological communion, to feel that your souls touch, that sort of thing. At least for me, much ego-negation is involved in the S-feeling, while ego-negation may or may not be involved in B-feeling. B-feeling disappears immediately after orgasm; S-feeling persists after orgasm, though its urgent intensity slacks off after orgasm. Normally when one is attracted to a woman, both S-feeling and B-feeling are present, though the proportions of each may be very different in different cases. But, when I

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was 10 years old and stuck on a girl named Darlene Curley (this case discussed in some of my earlier notes), what I felt for her was pure S-feeling; it never even occurred to me to want to handle her physically. On the other hand, when I was 16 I met a girl with a coarse face and a foul mouth, but a very good figure. For her I felt pure B-feeling; no S-feeling involved at all. (52)

But one must not confuse S-feeling with ordinary friendship or companionship or sympathy ~~etc~~ such as occur between persons of the same sex. There is a special titillation and intensity about S-feeling that does not appear in ordinary friendship; S-feeling is of a different character from ordinary friendship, and usually occurs between persons of opposite sex.*

Lately I have been noticing when I masturbate, if I am thinking of a woman toward whom I have little S-feeling, I reach orgasm quite quickly; but if I am thinking of a woman ~~to~~ toward whom I have much S-feeling, considerable time and effort may be needed to reach orgasm, even though the S-feeling fantasy may be far more intense and may get me much hotter than the B-feeling fantasy does. For example, when I was going out with Ellen Tarmichael, toward whom I had strong S-feelings, I used to have terribly intense fantasies about her — I would get so hot I thought I was going to bust — yet in masturbating, I had to work long, hard, and frantically in order to reach orgasm.

Yet when I ~~jag off~~ over a woman who

*When I was a small ~~boy~~ boy my feeling for Adam Krokos (see my autobiographical notes) was probably an S-feeling, but not too intense. On very rare occasions since then, I have experienced ~~S-feeling toward other males~~ flickers of S-feeling toward other males. Other than that, I have experienced S-feeling only toward females.

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interests me mostly just physically, (53)
I usually pop off pretty quick.

It is no doubt dangerous to ~~basing~~ generalize on the basis of my personal experience, especially since my experience with women doesn't go beyond kissing (and not much of that); but it seems reasonable to conjecture that those husbands who have their orgasm so quickly that the woman is unsatisfied, and who lose interest in their wives immediately after they pop off, probably have little S-feeling for their wives; even if they are very good friends with their wives and also have strong B-feeling for their wives, this does not imply S-feeling, which differs both from friendship and from B-feeling. Again, this last paragraph is guess-work.

March 13. Some people may assume that the reason why I do so well at working-class jobs* is simply that I am (or was) part of the intellectual elite. In other words, they may assume that most university people, if ~~put~~ put in working-class jobs, would perform outstandingly. I won't try to guess how most university types would perform at manual work, but I do think there is more than ~~this~~ that to my success at manual work. At the end of my last Year at Harvard, to earn a little extra money, I stayed a few extra days to work. The job was cleaning the students' quarters in Kirkland House; there was a whole crew of Harvard students on this job, and Harvard students are certainly a select group intellectually. After a couple of days

* I've been praised for my work in: post-cutting (very rough labor); janitorial work; lawnmowing and general groundskeeping; very varied work centering around mechanical assembly, as at Prince Castle; and other work.

this work, the chief janitor (or (54)
perintendant, or whatever his title was)
~~it was~~ of Kirkland House told me
at I was the best worker on the whole
ew. He asked me what year I was in
e., freshman, soph, etc.). When I said I
s a senior and would be leaving, he
ressed disappointment and said, "Aw, you
ulda been on Dorm Crew! You
ulda become a Captain for sure!"
liked this man, and not only because
praised me. Though we were very
ferent, I still felt as if I had some-
ng in common with him personality-
se. And I had the impression that he
d high standards of work.

~~April 8~~

pril 7. I just can't stand living
th my parents. They turn my stomach.
find them both irritating and repulsive.
ou ask why I am living with them?
me time ago I found myself an
artment at an acceptable price. (This
sn't too easy, since apartments are
pensive around here.) I stayed there
ss than a month, because some
pid woman in the apartment below
ne would play her radio at night
d keep me awake. I tried to talk to
r nicely about it, but she simply
fused to discuss it. I tried phon-
g the landlord and even the police,
t they ~~d~~ claimed the noise was not
reasonable. Why am I so sensitive to
ise? Actually, I am not particularly
nsitive to noise as such. But I
n full of hatred and anger that has
o outlet, and, consequently, when
feel someone is taking advantage
me — for instance by playing a
dio a little louder than I think is
fair — I get extremely upset. I (55)
lie there in bed trying to get to sleep,
but the sound of the radio makes
me angrier and angrier. It is not
noise, but anger that keeps me ~~awake~~
awake. If that stupid bitch had been
willing to talk it ~~over~~ over in an
amicable way I think it would have
been alright — but she took a hard
attitude about it, and the fact that I
had no way to retaliate (short of
chopping down her door and kicking the
shit out of her) made me almost choke
with rage. I can hardly exaggerate
the way I was absolutely strangling
with rage for a week after I moved
out of that place. I think anyone
~~else~~ but a tough and stoical
personality like me would
have broken down under the strain or
run amuck. But I have already plan-
ned my revenge on society and the
way I want to die, and I wasn't
going to mess it up on account of
that stupid whore.

Now suppose I went looking for
another apartment. In the first
place, this would be a nervous strain
for me; there are so many ways in
which dealing with people is a strain
for me. But worse than that, suppose
I took another apartment and had a
noise problem there too? It would be
just too much. (Of course, the manager
will always assure you that the place
is quiet, but you can't trust that.) So
I figured it was best to just stay
with my parents, even though they
disgust me.

(42)

~~55~~ (56)

April 14, 1974

From "The Community ~~Activists~~ Activists' Handbook", by John Huenefeld, Beacon Press, Boston, 1970.

page 6: Discussing attempts to change a local community through civic action, the author writes:

"Vague, over-generalized objectives are seldom met. The trick is to conceive of some specific development which will inevitably propel your community in the direction you want it to go."

This confirms my own view about the possibility of changing the technological society. Sociologists and philosophers will never accomplish anything (except insofar as they may prepare the way by creating an atmosphere of doubt about technology). If the iron grip of technique on the individual in modern society is ever to be broken, it will only be done by some practical organizer who pursues a specific, concrete objective. This is why I emphasize an end to government support of scientific research as the first goal of any attempt to liberate us from the dictatorship of technique.

April 20. Somewhere earlier in ~~these~~ this set of notes, I wrote to the effect that in recent years, confidence in my control over myself has made it easier to "let myself go" and relax controls when convenient. Actually, ~~this~~ I always had the ability to "let myself go" except in regard to social feelings. What is new is that, in recent years, I am much more able to "let myself go" in the sense of liking or feeling affection toward other people, without feeling that I am permitting them to get too much hold on me.

April 30. I have written this before in some of my other notes, but just to remind the reader, I'll write it again: No one should believe anything my parents say about me, because their view of me is hopelessly distorted.

May 1. Sometimes I feel such an acute longing for sex that it is almost unbearable. It was easier when I was younger and only suffered from physical lust with a big hard on that could be relieved by masturbation. Now masturbation brings only a limited amount of relief, because what I want is much more than just a screw. I want a screw very ~~much~~ much, but I also want the rest of what goes into a love-relationship between a man and a woman; and this presents a picture to me that is so intensely pleasurable that sometimes I can hardly stand not to have it. Especially since it represents a life-long frustration. I have written the same things before in these notes; I write them again in different words only to relieve my feelings.

It is interesting, though academic, to ~~see~~ speculate on what kind of husband or lover I would make in the event I ever did get a ~~good~~ woman. I probably would make a very good husband or lover as long as I wanted

to be one (assuming the ~~woman~~ woman in question was willing to accept my basic ideosyncrasies, such as not watching television, not dancing, not attending most kinds of parties, etc., etc.). I have excellent self-control, and it takes only self-control and thoughtfulness, not any special social skills, to be considerate, gentle, respectful, and loving. (My parents may doubt that I am able to be these things, because I am often very inconsiderate toward my parents. But that is because I don't want to be ~~so~~ nice to them. I resent my parents, and I know I can still use them by living in their house even if I am, up to a certain point, inconsiderate toward them.)

So I feel pretty confident that I would be a good husband as long as I wanted to be one. The question is, how long would I want to be one? Of course I can only guess at the answer, never having had the experience. My guess is this: If I had to greatly modify my aspirations, goals, and social-dropout type of life in order to get along with a woman I loved, I would probably do it. But I suspect that, after, say, a couple of years, I would begin to get bored with the

intensely sexual feelings that tied ~~me~~ me to the woman in the first place. Love, insufficiently supported by common aspirations, would eventually go stale. Then nausea would set in. I would grow disgusted at having been led astray by the woman. I might, or might not, retain consideration for her feelings, but in either case I would want to get away from her. Depending on circumstances, I might want to hurt her feelings as much as possible, or I might want to part with her as gently as I could, but anyhow I'd want to get rid of her.*

On the other hand, if I had a woman who shared my goals, values, and aspirations, and who was at least willing to tolerate my desire for revenge on society, I see no reason why I couldn't have an excellent marriage lasting as long as I live. But it seems extremely improbable that I would ever find a woman who sufficiently shared my goals and aspirations. Women are so conformist.

May 2. I have just been leafing through a book of etiquette, where I found the following passage: "A woman who meets an attractive man at a cocktail party is not as free to pursue the friendship as he is, but there are ways of encouraging him which are perfectly acceptable ... She can say, "I do hope you'll come and visit me some Sunday afternoon. I often have friends in then," or "I do hope you'll call me, I'd love to hear from you," or even, "My roommate and I are having a party next Friday at our apartment. Could you join us?" (Frances Benton, Complete Etiquette, Random House, 1956, p. 18.)

Well then, I suppose I must be unattractive to women. Ellen Arl gave me that kind of encouragement to ask her out. But no other female has ever even come close to giving me such direct encouragement.

(Of course, I've never been to an (ugh!) cocktail party, but I assume such encouragements on the part of women don't have to be restricted to cocktail parties.)

May 5. A couple of months ago I came across a book in the L library titled "The Geller Papers." It is about certain people, notably one Geller, who can supposedly bend metal, read people's thoughts, and stuff like that, under conditions that would seem to preclude any obvious explanation in terms of the known laws of physics. Of course, there is always a lot of that junk in the popular press, but what is remarkable about this book is that the papers in it are written by people who are represented as having prior backgrounds

* This is assuming no children were involved. Children would complicate the issue.

and excellent credentials in the hard sciences. Moreover, the papers are written in very temperate terms, and the ~~~~ authors give no obvious evidence of having an emotional attachment to "far-out" beliefs. I had always assumed that all this telepathy stuff was a lot of crap, and the undisciplined character of most of the stuff that is printed about "psychic" phenomena, flying saucers, astrology, Atlantis, etc., etc., certainly gives ample justification for the opinion that most of this is only believed by certain people because it satisfies their emotional needs.

However, since the physicists and other hard scientists responsible for the papers in this particular book seem to have no prior commitment to telepathy or other crackpot beliefs, I am forced to think again. Naturally, this is uncomfortable for me, since no one likes to change his habitual assumptions.

The book strongly suggests that, by application of will, certain individuals are able to mobilize some force not comprehended within the present knowledge of physics and chemistry. Such a suggestion ~~must~~ must be viewed with great caution. ~~Since~~ Such a large part of human mental functioning can be explained in terms of physiology and neurology that there are strong grounds for the supposition that all human ~~mind~~ mental functioning is based on physics and chemistry. (See, for example, The Nervous System by Peter Nathan.) Thus, one thinks of the following explanations for the book, which ~~do~~ would not require anything outside the realm of physics as we now conceive it: ① The book is a very cunning hoax (I have not gotten around to checking up to see whether the scientists

named actually exist.) (2) The (46) (62)
scientists writing the book fabricated the
whole thing for reasons of their own,
such as money. (Farley Mowat, formerly
a Canadian Government biologist, wrote
a book called "Never cry Wolf", which he
presented as an account of his personal
experiences in studying wolves, but
according to wolf expert L. David Mech,
Mowat's book is largely a fabrication,
and gives a false picture of the wolf.)
(3) The scientists writing these papers
were not ~~consciously~~ consciously
dishonest, but their emotional needs
caused them to give a highly
distorted presentation. (4) The observed
~~phenomena~~ phenomena resulted from known
physical forces combining or ~~operating~~ operating
in unknown ways to produce very
remarkable effects.

However, none of these explanations
seem likely. Of course, there is
always the possibility of some explanation
I haven't thought of. Still, this book
has caused me to reluctantly
accept the probability that there is some
force operating of a kind that is not
currently known to physics.

But experiments of the kind described
in the book will probably lead some
people to jump to unwarranted conclusions,
through associations established by popular
literature. It should be remembered that
we know only what has been established by
careful experiment, unverified reports being
usually worthless. For instance,
(1) The careful experiments reported in
the book provide no evidence for the
existence of flying ~~saucers~~ saucers,
lost continents, precognition, (63)
re-incarnation, ghosts, ~~gods~~ [illegible]
or gods, or for the validity of the
predictions of popular "psychics" reported
in the newspapers. (Twice I wrote
down predictions of astrologers or psychics
for the coming year, as reported in the
~~two~~ newspapers; then I checked them
again a year later. The rate of success
of ~~prediction~~ the predictions was so poor
that I probably could have done better
myself on the basis of common
sense. On the other hand, if these
"Geller papers" are on the level, it
ought to make ~~me~~ us give closer
attention to other ~~psy~~ putative "psychic"-
type ~~phenom~~ phenomena, so as to see
which ones actually have something to
them.)

(2) These Geller papers do not provide
evidence for a life ~~after~~ after death.
According to Peter Nathan's "The
Nervous System" and other books
on brain research, practically all the
sensations, emotions, thoughts, memories,
perceptions, etc. — in short, practically
everything we experience, has been
shown to be dependent on the functioning
of certain parts of the brain. For
instance, if one part of the brain is
destroyed, certain memories are lost. If
another part of the brain is ~~lost~~
destroyed, the patient permanently ceases
to show any evidence of ever feeling
angry. If still another part of the
brain is destroyed, then the patient
ceases to ~~show~~ show any evidence

of ever feeling any emotion whatever. And so forth.

The obvious conclusion is, that if my ~~brain~~ whole brain were destroyed, I would thereafter experience nothing whatever.

Still, it is true that, if the human mind is capable of mobilizing some force not currently known to physics, then this raises the possibility that some aspect or attribute of the mind might persist after destruction of the physical brain, since the physical brain (so far as we know) operates according to the laws of physics. However, the experiments reported in the "Geller papers" do not provide any evidence that such a thing actually happens.

The rather tenuous possibility raised by the Geller papers that I might experience something ~~after~~ after death makes me a little hopeful and a little uneasy. On the one hand, it would be nice if life in some form did not have to end, but on the other hand I am displeased by any possibility of being ~~plunged~~ plunged into some experience that I can't predict, control, or rationally prepare for. On the whole, I would prefer to be absolutely certain that I would experience nothing after death. Of course, this feeling is somewhat colored by religious propaganda about

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heaven and hell, since I'm amoral (65)
and ~~would be~~ impenitent and would
surely go to hell according to
Christianity. Of course, I don't believe
in that stuff, and "the Geller papers"
gives no evidence or even suggestion in
favor of it, but naturally (having
read so much ~~follow~~ literature from
earlier times which accepted traditional
Christianity) I can't help being ~~stag~~
slightly affected emotionally by the
fable of hell.

Well, in regard to any possibility of
experience after death, the word is...
courage! I am attracted to William
Henley's famous poem, "Invictus,"
though I consider it a ~~little~~ little too
vainglorious.

May 7. From "1978 Sports Afield Outdoor
Almanac" ~~#~~: "Radio tracking of ~~#~~
wildlife is breaking new ground in
wildlife research. It is estimated that
between 3000 and 10,000 animals are
wired for sound today, and their
movements are being monitored on
special computerized receivers....

"Wildlife scientists estimate that
within the next five years a nationwide
network of automated recording devices
will ~~not~~ monitor yearly travels of
major species of migrating birds...."

Of course, this sort of thing
makes me violently angry. Not that
I imagine it does any harm to
wildlife, you understand. What
angers me is simply the fact that

e technological society knows everything and controls everything. ven in the remaining so-called "wild" eas, it is no longer possible to escape from "the system".

But I haven't yet finished my iscussion of the book, "the Geller Papers."

(3) Probably one of the things that ttracts many people to belief in -called "psychic" phenomena is this: hey imagine that these things provide ome kind of escape from the echanistic view of the human mind hat is indicated by scientific results, nd they may also imagine that these henomena promise some kind of free will, - ability to avoid control by "the ystem."

There is no reason to suppose that he "Geller papers" provide any evidence n favor of free will or a non-mechanistic view of human nature; nor do hey indicate any limitations of the cientific method.

Science never claims to know everying. The business of science is, by reful, disciplined observation and perimentation, to construct formal, eductive models of various aspects of uman experience, that will enable uman organizations to predict and/or ntrol certain aspects of human experience.

Since past observation and experimention is limited, scientific models must be ntinually revised and/or extended as ew information comes to light. This does not mean older models (67) are proven worthless. What it does mean is that older models are replaced by newer models that are either more accurate, or applicable over a wider range of conditions than the older models. Thus, scientific models continually provide wider, more detailed, and more accurate pictures of reality. The classic example is the replacement of Newtonian mechanics with relativistic mechanics.

If the "Geller Papers" are on the level, then they seem to indicate that science is about to come to grips with some new force or some new class of phenomena. The probable outcome I think is this: science will eventually bring under control these new phenomena, just as it has brought under control such formerly mysterious phenomena as electricity, radiation, etc. "Psychic" phenomena, if they exist, probably have their own laws, which science will come to understand. "Psychic" phenomena will then be "harnessed", and turned into tools of "the system", which tools will be used to control individuals, and also the physical world; just as science has turned other classes of phenomena into tools of the system.

Even if science is for any reason unable to analyse psychic phenomena, it still is probable that these phenomena will be turned into tools of the system. Note that Geller is essentially a conformist and (apparently) uses his powers only for purposes approved by the system. If Geller-type powers turn out to have practical utility (as they probably will), then it is safe to assume that

(50)

The System will organize programs (68) for the following purposes: A. To determine the most efficient ways of utilizing psychic powers for the purposes of the system; B. To identify persons having psychic powers at the earliest possible age; ~~C. To apply speed~~ C. To devise special programs for the training and socialization of persons having ~~sp~~ unusual psychic talents, so as to guaranty that they will use their powers "for the good of society" (i.e., for the purposes of the system) rather than for "irresponsible" (i.e., individualistic) purposes.

If the "Geller papers" are on the level, then it is quite possible that, thirty years from now, we may have government-employed psychics wandering ~~around~~ around checking up on our thoughts to make sure we aren't planning to do anything illegal.

May 8. From things that I have written in some of my earlier notes, some people may assume that I tend to idealize hunting-and-gathering societies. This is not exactly true. Let me explain my view of these societies. They have the following good ~~p~~ points:

Because a nomadic hunting-gathering society is more or less equalitarian and has very few members as compared to a modern society, each adult male can significantly participate in the important decisions, rather than having these decisions arbitrarily imposed by some vast system.

If a nomadic hunter-gatherer prefers, he can wander off by himself, in which

(51)

case he gets to make all his own (69)
decisions. (Example: According to
Elizabeth Marshal Thomas's "Harmless
People", the bushman Short Kwi spent
most of his time off in the Veldt, away
from the others, taking with him only
his immediate dependents, viz, his
wife, daughter, and mother-in-law.)

I suspect that this freedom would make serious rebellion a rare thing in a nomadic hunting band. But, if a member of such a band does feel a need to rebel against or escape permanently from his group, he has a much better chance of success than a member of today's world-encompassing technological society, simply because a hunting-gathering band is a very small and weak society, compared to modern societies. This, in fact, is the biggest reason for my preferring primitive to modern societies — small, weak society means individual is comparatively strong and significant; whereas individual in modern society is totally impotent and insignificant.

Some people imagine primitive hunters must be crude, bestial, or degraded. I have argued against this elsewhere. It can be argued that primitive hunters have more of what we call "noble" qualities than modern man. But, whether this "noble savage" idea has any truth to it or not, it is of minimal interest to me; because, to me, all of mankind (with possible rare individual exceptions) is contemptible. It is true that recently I've come to be more tolerant of human failings, but I am still strongly aware of these failings, and despise them, even though I may feel friendly toward certain individuals exhibiting those failings. The failings to which I

rincipally refer are irrationality, nclear thinking, and inability to liberate oneself from values and sumptions that one has been trained - accept. Some people imagine that odern men are more liberated rom the "official" values of their ociety than are men of traditional ocieties. To one like me, who is a eal outsider, this is not so clear, ince, to a real outsider, it is obvious that most of those who magine themselves to be nonconformists are eally slavish conformists. (Imagine eople who believe in racial equality, sexual equality, nonviolence, nd the transcendent value of rt and philosophy, describing emselves as nonconformists? Do ey imagine that they invented ese ideologies themselves?) However, t may be that there really is more sychological freedom in today's ociety than in a hunting society, ecause our society is transitional: raditional psychological controls are reaking down, while the far more ffective psychological controls that technique is providing have et yet come close to being fully nplemented. I wouldn't venture to ay which kind of society offers more sychological freedom, not having any rsonal experience in a hunting society. lso, it is possible I may even

be wrong in assuming that a hunting society provides more physical freedom, because, not having lived in such a society, I can't be absolutely certain.

In any case, even the most primitive society carries in it the seeds of what I consider evil, since all societies have the potential for eventual "progress" toward civilization. Thus, I am more and more inclined to wish that the human race would become extinct.

Now, considering hunting and gathering as an economic form — this I do idealize. By this I mean that I would rather make my living by hunting, gathering plant foods, and making my own clothing, implements, etc., than in any other way I can think of. Here I do have some personal experience to go on.